

Charles Wesley
(1707-88)

Jesu, Lover of my soul

John Bacchus Dykes
(1823-76)

Hollingside (77. 77. D)

1. Je - su, Lo - ver of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help-less soul on Thee;
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find;
4. Plent - eous grace with Thee is found, Grace to co - ver all my sin;

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high;
Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone; Still sup - port and com - fort me.
Raise the fal - len, cheer the faint, Heal the sick and lead the blind.
Let the heal - ing streams a - bound; Make and keep me pure with - in.

Hide me, O my Sa - viour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust in Thee is stayed; All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and ho - ly is Thy Name, I am all un - right - eous - ness;
Thou of life the foun - tain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee;

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; O re - ceive my soul at last!
Co - ver my de - fence-less head With the sha - dow of Thy wing.
False and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.